



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

FROM THE LIBRARY
OF
HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL
GIVEN TO
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
IN HIS MEMORY
BY A GROUP OF HIS FRIENDS

H. E. Kuhlbiel

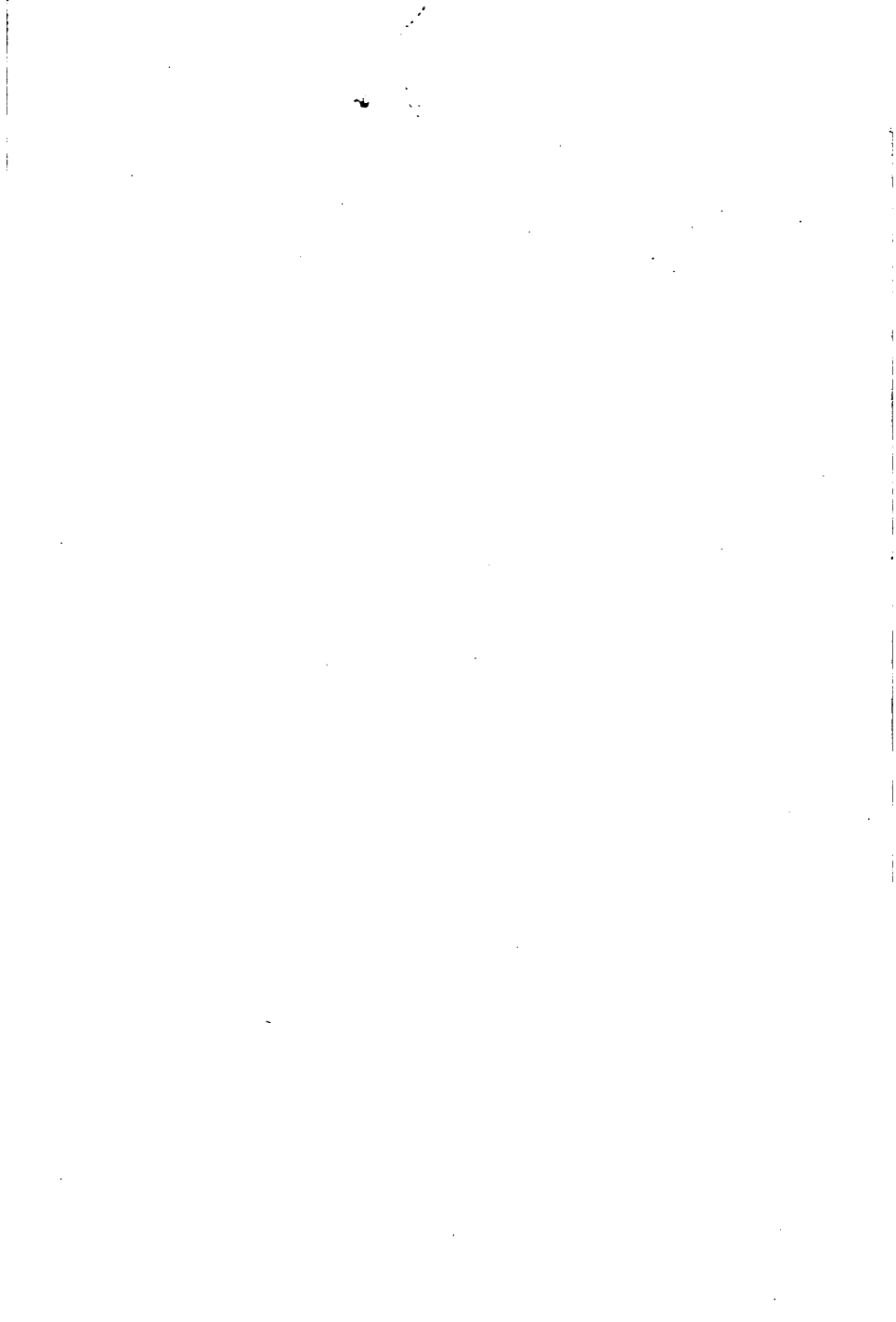
with the best wishes of.

W. J. Henderson.

Mar. 6, 1905.

W Henderson

1863



Not in RD
9/26 23 K. Egan

PIPES AND TIMBRELS

BY
William James
W. J. HENDERSON

1

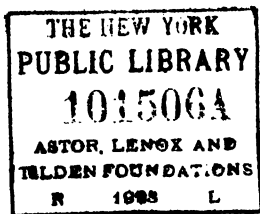


BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
1905

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

M. S. 111

Copyright 1905 by W. J. HENDERSON
All Rights Reserved



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Printed at
THE GORHAM PRESS
Boston, U. S. A.

TO JULIA

I bring my sheaf of song
And lay it at your feet;
The harvest waited long,
But oh, the time is sweet.

And if the songs be true,
Your heart will read them right;
For they have stayed for you
To make the darkness light.

CONTENTS

	Page
Tantalus	9

Pictures

Eve	19
The Wandering Jew	20
Dore's Solomon	21
Gettysburg	22
On the Death of a Student	23
September	24
A December Night	25

At The Year's End

To H. C. Bunner	29
A Christmas Hymn	30
A Song of New Year's Eve.....	34

Music

An Overture	39
Mozart	41
Schubert	42
In The Gallery	43
The Seventh Symphony	44
Rhinegold	46

Psyche

Amor Triumphator	49
Silences	51
Love's Harmony	52
Love's Silence	53
A Song in October	54
From Afar	55
Sleeping	56
By The Sea Shore	56
Love that Liveth	57
Ultima Thule	57
Old Love	58

	Page
A Ballad of Constancy	60
To Her in the Country	62
A Spring Song	63
Carpe Diem	64
A Ballad of Night	65
Roses	66
Divination	66

Dreams and Fancies

In Chains	69
Aspiration	69
The Gate of Sleep	70
Before Dawn	71
To Robert Louis Stevenson	72
To a Clover Blossom	73
Morning	73
In the Mountains	74
Sick in the Spring	74
Grant	75
A Poet's Last Book	76
Tennyson	76
On Some Forgotten Poems	77
A Wish	78
For a Class Reunion	78

The Sea

A Song of the Sea	81
Sea Melodies	82
Thalassa	83
A Sea Song of Old Time	84

In Lighter Mood

To Pyrrha	89
Central Park in Summer	90
On a Hymn Book	91
Palmistry	93
To a Book and a Maid	94
Good Robin Spring	95

PIPES AND TIMBRELS

TANTALUS

Where the fell flood of Lethe darkly rolled
Between black-browed and sombre-visaged walls,
With sinuous wave and sluggish-moving tide
And murmurs like the faint and weary groans
Of souls long stricken by the pain of hell,
One, cursed by all the Olympian gods at once,
Stood neck-deep in the stream, yet could not drink.
Sometimes he raved and shook the rocks around
With words so wild that Hades heard in awe.
Anon the majesty of regal thought
Arose and ruled within his fevered soul;
And thus he spake in commune with himself:

"Ye, stars, that naked in yon sea of blue
Float on for ever through harmonious space,
Lighting the dim half world to which the moon
Shall come not till the month be full of joy;
Ye winds that kiss the ocean's rugged lips,
And make them breathe of music and of sleep,
What hope hath man in life or yet in death,
If nothing slumbers in the silent grave
That shall not wake again to strife and pain?
Oh, many-shadowed dell where I was born,
Beside the murmur of the silver waves
Of tremulous Egean, where the streams
Of many brooks fell down the grassy slope
And shivered into spray upon the strand,
Hast thou forgot me? Spirits of earth and air,
Is hope then dead, and is there naught in all
This nether world but hot and seething thirst?"

And lo! there came a faint and distant strain
Of sweetest music, like the whispered voice
Of muted strings, rapt to their highest tones,
Borne up on broken chords of throbbing harps;
And a dim, strange light, like an unreal dawn,
Broke slow across his vision. Strong it grew

Until it glowed like matin skies of gold;
And a fine perfume stole across the air,
And lulled his throbbing senses from their woe.
Then from the vista of supernal light
Grew out a form of wondrous loveliness,
And a voice spake along the shadowy gulf.

"Lo! I am she that ruled the great round world
Before thou wert or ever man was born
Of heaven's eternal fire; sprung from the foam
Of everlasting seas, and marked by Zeus
To be alike man's misery and hope.
Tantalus, look round thee. In these shades,
Condemned by wrath of gods and curse of fate,
Thou lingerest alone 'mid dancing waves,
Consuméd by a never-dying thirst."

"Nay, speak it not," he cried with husky throat.

"But, hear me out," she said; "I bring to thee
That for which men have bled and nations died.")

A wild light sprang into his fevered eye,
And high above his head he tossed his hands :

"Great gods, that dwell in far Olympian heights,
At last my sufferings have reached your souls;
I thank ye. Goddess, speak, I wait thy words."

"Nay, think not of the gods," she said, "for they
Are deaf to thee; but I have heard thy moan.
Now, Tantalus, behold me: am I fair?"

"Fair as the gleam of dawn on Ida's brow,
What time the sunlight wakes the sleeping streams,
And bids them forth to laughter and to song."

"Me it hath pleased," she said, "to look on thee
With pity. 'Neath this fair and spotless front

There glows a passion deeper than this pit.
Stretch forth thine arms, lift up thy burning eyes,
Drink deep of love, and all thy pain forget."

"To drink of love? Ah, what care I for love—
I that am doomed with this eternal curse?
Give me but water: I will bless thy name."

"What hope shall come when love is cold and dead?"
So Venus spake in music such as wind
Doth make among the grass and summer flowers.
"What profits life without the simple faith
Of souls made one in perfect sympathy?
We two shall be as gods girt round with light,
And the strong fire of hearts that flame with love."

"Goddess, the soul within me craveth naught;
I tell thee this, though speech be grievous pain:
Had I no tongue to say I want not love,
I had no tongue to burn for want of drink."

Then Venus leaned a little space across
The dark and bitter flood, and on his brow
Her breath blew hot and cold, and cold and hot.

"Yet think, ah, think," she said, "of dear desires,
Of rapturous hours and days of endless dreams.
Amid the languorous shadows of the woods,
Where strong grey trunks majestically rise
To bear on high their canopy of green,
Where wooing winds breathe out their amorous sighs
Among the trembling crannies of the leaves,
And all the air is heavy with the flowers ;
There, as thou liest half entranced by sleep,
I'll come to thee—I, beautiful as light—
With eager eyes, with sweet and hungry lips,
To sting thy face with kisses keen as fire,

To clasp thee in these fair and roundest arms,
Upon this bosom white as untrod snow,
But warmer than dear Cyprus' summer sun.
Thee shall I circle round with yearning love
Till all thy senses reel as if in wine,
And the last ecstatic throbbings of thy breath
Die out in whispers amorous as mine;
Wilt thou, my Tantalus, not love me now?"

"And in these woods," he said, "shall there be brooks
That ripple over stones in lucent waves,
And dew upon the petals of the flowers,
And rain that droppeth from the trembling leaves?"

"Forget thy curse," she said, "and think of love."

"Forget my curse!" he cried. "Goddess, look round:
Long years have fled into the buried past
Since I, a man, gazed into woman's eyes
And dreamed the empty dreams of youth and love.
I do remember them so faintly now
I think it must have been some other fool
Who was so fond among the flowers and wine.
Thou art immortal, Goddess, like myself;
But thy existence is for ever bright:
To thee it is no bitter curse to breathe.
Think, then, of what a fate is given me.
Shut in this pit in darkness and in gloom,
I listen ever to the hideous wails
Of all whom Jove has doomed to punishment.
Their sobs and moans assail my helpless ears
From night till day, from day till blacker night.
The foulest odours of the grewsome pit
Offend my nostrils, and the ceaseless gloom
Confounds my eyes with stark and horrid shapes.
Damp icy vapours float about my head,
And clammy hands of spectral forms unseen
Fall on my flesh and cause my bones to chill.

But, ah, within I have a ceaseless fire
That burns the very blood up in my heart,
And makes each nerve within my stricken frame
Throb with the white heat of black Vulcan's forge.
And, mark you, this shall never, never end ;
But through the tireless cycles of the years
My doom shall follow me without a pause—
This doom that links the future with the past.
For see, my curse is doubled in this wise:
I look back from this fetid tomb of joy
Into the fair, sweet past of earthly life,
To see friends, brothers, sisters, mother, all
Standing with outstretched hands upon the shores
Of those dear waters that still kiss our Greece,
And bear her purple argosies afar ;
To hear the echo of the clang of arms,
The ring of spears, and thunderous shock of shields,
And the great shouts of victory that smote
The everlasting skies, and bade the stars
To tremble in their orbits: and to know
That these are past—irrevocably past,
While all the future reaches out its arms
To grapple me in long embrace of pain,
Of agony that speech could never tell,
Had I a tongue within my mouth to speak,
And not this crusted, smouldering lava stream.
The past, the dead, dear past comes wandering back
To torture me with dreams of happy days.
The future, that shall never end, rolls on,
Each minute orb'd into a bursting hour,
Each hour distended to a throbbing year—
Time but a drop in hell's eternity—
No thought that is not darker than despair,
No hope but that to-morrow's stricken womb
Will breed a sorrow greater than to-day's ;
Cursed beyond cursing, doomed beyond black death,
Alone in Hades with this endless thirst."

He paused, sore shaken by the storm of grief,
And for a little space was silent; then
He said:

“If thou hast come to me in faith
To pour the balm of pity on my soul,
Give me one draught of water—only one—
That this eternity of bitter pain
May cease a moment its relentless flight.”

Then Venus sighed a long and quivering sigh
That shook her round, white bosom like the snow
Blown by the northern wind, and then she said:

“So be it. One pure draught shalt thou now have
Of water sweet as from Castalia’s spring.”

Afar from out the thick and silent gloom
There grew the form of one who bore an urn.
He glided to her side and placed it there,
And vanished. Venus lifted high the bowl,
And stretching it to Tantalus, said:

“Drink.”

Then for a moment, as he quaffed the cup,
The sounds of Hades died upon his ear,
The world and life lay captive at his feet—
Life throbbing with the pulse it knew in youth,
The world aflame with joy too great to be.
'T was done, 't was past. He tossed aside the bowl,
And turning once again his fevered eyes
Upon the goddess, saw what pain before
Had hidden from his blind and tortured soul—
That beauty which had swayed Olympian gods.
Grief gone a moment from his helpless life,
Love entered in, and thus he swiftly spake:

“Venus, forgive, forgive. I knew thee not;
For thou art something greater than a god—
A woman full of pity and of love.

Hear me, sweet goddess, hear me once for all:
I love thee—dost thou wonder? Yes, I love.
Thou camest here with passion in thy heart;
Thy fire has touched me, and now I am thine."

But Venus rose and sighed again that sigh
That sounded like the parting breath of life,
And smiled a smile so full of hidden tears
That Tantalus was stricken. Then he cried:

"Sweet Venus, still thy pity now I crave.
Ah, leave me not alone in sightless gloom,
My curse the sorer for that one sweet draught,
My soul the darker for one gleam of hope."

Then Venus sighed once more, and tremulous,
With one fair arm soft whitening through the dark,
She spoke in accents sadder than his own:

"Nay, love shall live where nothing else can be.
No meaner want can tarry in the soul
When love proclaims himself the god of all;
Love's monarchy is absolute, his sway
Triumphant as the kingdom of the sun.
Farewell, thou hast thy choice, thou hast thy way;
Love lingers not for him who clasps it not,
When first the bosom throbs with that dear thrill
Which speaks the perfect sympathy of two
That all the gods have willed to be as one.
There is no room in all the big, round world
For aught to be that is as great as love;
For love shall live where nothing else can be.
Thou hadst thy choice. Now, Tantalus, farewell."

PICTURES



EVE

Lone in the sunrise of primeval day,
More lovely than the virgin world around,
With fingers pressed on lips that made no sound,
She stood and gazed. Spread out before her lay
The future—and the clouds were rolled away.
The war of kings in empires still unfound,
The crash of cannon that should yet resound,
She heard, and saw the great world rock and sway.
Across the crimson sky above her head
There came a cry of children asking food ;
A wail of women for the nation's dead
Went upward to the stars. So pale she stood ;
Then to some secret place in Eden fled,
And wept in presage of her motherhood.

THE WANDERING JEW

Amid the thunder of creation's fall,
With fire and rain and hail across the sky,
One stood alone with fearless, upturn'ed eye,
And aspect that no horror could appall.
In all that wreck of matter, proud and tall
As one who scorned for grace or aid to cry,
He waited moveless, as if asking why
There came for him no pealing trumpet call.
Last of his race and of the sons of men,
He stood devoid of tremor or of fear,
And stretched his hands out to the sky and then
He spake in accents bold and strangely clear:
"Thou bad'st me, 'Tarry till I come again;'
Behold, Messiah, I am waiting here."

DORE'S SOLOMON

Oh, face immutable as that girt sea
By which thou reignedest, what unspoken wise
And secret law is graven in thine eyes
And in thine aspect's brooding majesty?
Wert thou but man, or was there more in thee
Of spiritual might and wide emprise
Than shall be circled by our narrow skies,
But must find issue in eternity?
Aye, rather let us look upon thee so,
As one who was not shackled by our law
Of life, nor bowed by any earthly rod;
For all who gaze upon that face shall know
That not alone in thee Judea saw
The crown of kingcraft, but the type of God.

GETTYSBURG

There are no dead upon this silent plain,
Where burst the cohorts of embattled hell
In war's red noon with thunderbolts of shell;
The charge of Death across yon field was vain.
Still as the Summer on the sleeping main
Lie wood and wold, and where the tempest fell
Stands many a stone to say that it was well,
And nevermore or North or South shall reign.
Aye, here there is no shadow of the grave,
No shroud of pale oblivion, no tear,
Nor coffin'd past; nor shall there ever be.
For death is not the guerdon of the brave,
Who conquered death and set their feet on fear;
Upon this plain dwells Immortality.

ON THE DEATH OF A STUDENT

A great mind labors through the fleeting years,
Delving beneath the shadows dark and gray,
Where spiritual treasures hide away
In books that have been writ in blood and tears.
Harassed by doubts and circled round by fears,
Itself the mind illumines day by day
With truths which make it mightier alway,
Until at last it dies and disappears.

Then to the secret soul of every book
Goes back alone each dearly garnered thought;
Unto the dark and silent study's nook
Returns the lore with which that brain was fraught
He who would win it must go there to look:
The dead mind's store has fled, and left us naught.

SEPTEMBER

A reefed mainsail hard against the sky,
Gray against gray, and gray the sea below;
A wide swing of topmast lean and high,
Afar yonder where the swart clouds go.

Here at my feet the chill and leaden surge
Booms and bursts in sullen shoots of spray;
The hollow thunders lift a weary dirge
Across the sands through all the empty day.

Behind me shrinks the dull and yellow land,
Where peals the wind among the bending trees;
The red kine restless in the meadow stand,
And trembling at the mutter of the seas.

The sun slips pale adown the brazen west,
Faint in his power and fainter yet his glow;
Lo, yonder where the mallard's mottled breast
Goes cleaving southward. I arise and go.

A DECEMBER NIGHT

The steel blue Vega slopes adown the west,
Beyond the ghostly hills and shadowed stream,
Downward to unfathomable rest,
Sweeter than silence, dearer than a dream.

The armed Perseus follows in her train
Hard by Andromeda, whose cohorts glide,
Like solemn music through a cloistered fane,
Adown the west with the celestial bride.

O'erhead roll Taurus and the Pleiad band
Along the hollows of the heavenly deep;
Orion follows with his flaming brand,
That smites the curtain of the eye to sleep.

So moves the shining army of the night
Across the front of space, serene, profound.
Till Sirius floods the east with master light,
And lo! the king of all the stars is crowned.

AT THE YEAR'S END



TO H. C. BUNNER

Clasp hands, singer and seer and brother ,
And laugh at Time as Love alone shall laugh;
Clasp hands, thou and I and no other,
And drink once as brothers alone should quaff.

Clasp hands, for Time and Love are fairer
Than e'er we dreamed these many years ago;
Drink once, though those we trust are rarer,
And some good has lived we did not know.

Clasp hands for all the wine and roses,
Wound round the fever of life's brow;
Drink once, though every day discloses
Sins deeper than all that we know now.

Clasp hands for swift and silent pleasures,
Sown broad across the field of life;
Drink once for all the untrod measures
Of voiceless pain and unavailing strife.

Clasp hands for all that we look down on,
From out the present to the fruitful past;
Drink once, though men may darkly frown on
Some things that we hold dear and fast.

Clasp hands for songs that still are ringing
Across the plains of all the purple deep;
Drink once for dreams that still are winging
Deathless flights through all the realms of sleep.

Clasp hands for our two lives together
In wind or rain, in fire or hail or snow;
Drink once for sweet or bitter weather,
Singer and seer and brother that I know.

(1886)

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

Now across the purple ocean falls a new light from
afar,
While the silver host of heaven pales before a single
star.

Back across the trackless billows, past their furthest
fringed rim,
Shrink the shades of superstition; and for that, oh
God, we hymn.

Dead the old unhallowed dogmas, dead the round
and hollow creeds;
Sprung to life the light of freedom—thought that
equals human needs.

Lo, a babe within the cradle! Lo, a man beside the
tomb!
Lo, a world yet in its childhood weeping o'er a fan-
cied gloom.

Stood the valleys, plains, and mountains firm and
moveless evermore;
Man and thought were gliding by as ship and sailor
pass the shore.

Oh, the sin that comes with cycles! Oh, the hate
that comes with years!
Oh, the laden ships of sorrow, and the many streams
of tears!

So the man went moaning onward, wandering
weary, blind and weak;
But the sun and stars and mountains never parted
lips to speak.

Till behold! the giant Science, rising in primeval
might,
Laid his hand upon the stars and said: "Enough,
let there be light."

And from off the eyes of man the scales fell slowly
one by one,
Till he lifted up his drooping sight and gazed upon
the sun.

One by one the laws unfolding that Thou madest
long ago,
Ere the mountain fed the glacier or the rivers
swelled with snow;

Inch by inch, from everlasting unto everlasting sea,
Man has trod the path of knowledge that shall lead
him up to Thee.

Science's revealed religion smites the rocks with
mighty rod,
And out flow the living waters of the ever living
God.

Thee whom long we worshipped blindly, duped by
superstition's power,
Science, like St. Paul on Mars Hill, preaches to us
every hour.

Gone the mediæval terrors, gone the scholastic night;
Lo! we look upon Thee newly; lo! we know Thee
now aright.

God, that made the viewless atom and the ponderous planet forms,
God that made the law of seasons and the flight of circled storms,

God who wrote the myriad statutes that a myriad systems sway,
Thee, and these, our Science seeks, revealing to us day by day.

And as onward Science marches with his slow, resistless tread,
Up the soul of man arises as one wakened from the dead;

Reaches out and claims the victory by long endeavor bought
Liberty of human action, liberty of human thought.

Liberty to know our fellows and to judge them as they are;
Liberty to grasp all knowledge that shall come from near or far;

Liberty to think and question whether truth be true or not;
Liberty of discontentment with dead priestcraft for our lot;

Liberty to pierce the heavens with the logic of our schools;
Liberty to shatter boldly every paradise of fools;

Till the stark and bloodless dogmas that have shackled every soul,
Shriveled by the fire of Science, into blank oblivion roll;

And man standing on the summit of the moonlike
peak of snow,
Sees the happy world at peace with God above and
man below.

And for this our new redemption, out of fruitful
struggle born,
Gladly, gladly do we praise Thee, Father, on this
Christmas morn.

A SONG OF NEW YEAR'S EVE

With flashing of foam on a wrinkled sea,
And wisps of white in a clouded sky;
With shiver of snow on a bare-limb'd tree,
With winds that skurry and birds that fly.
With bells that toll by twos, by threes,
Across the mead and down the leas,
The old year lays him down to die.

With skulls that crumble and bones that bleach
On the ragged rocks of a mountain high;
With waves that thunder and smite the beach,
And wrecks that low on the wet sands lie;
With ships that stagger and then go down,
With men that struggle and gasp and drown,
The old year lays him down to die.

With women that weep and men that curse,
With girls that sob and youths that sigh;
With waving plumes of the hungry hearse,
With moans from lips that are hard and dry;
With hollow words in a minster nave,
With clods of earth by an open grave,
The old year lays him down to die.

Oh, day and night! Oh, morn and noon!
Oh, wild, unending human cry.
Oh, blood-red sun! Oh, pallid moon!
Oh, mocking life! Oh, cruel lie!
Shall all things now that draw life's breath
Go reeling onward still to death?
Shall all years lay them down and die?

* * * * *

With ripple of gold on a sunlit sea,
With glitter of silver in clouds on high;
With sparkle of snow on the strong brown tree,
With winds that sing and birds that fly;
With bells that peal by twos, by threes,
Across the mead and down the leas,
The new year comes across the sky.

With all glad things that smile and beckon,
With all sweet things that live and die;
With all good things that men can reckon,
With all strong things that strength can try;
With hope and love and undreamed graces,
With whispers low and warm embraces,
The new year comes across the sky.

Oh, deathless love, eternal youth!
Oh, glad, triumphant human cry!
Now God be praised for this one truth,
Though all else be a gilded lie:
When old things fade and old hopes fail,
And old years, dead, lie stark and pale,
The new years come across the sky.

MUSIC

AN OVERTURE

There was a silence.

Out across its furthest unknown rim
There fell a whispering of muffled drums,
Even as one slant ray of purple dim
Across the altar on a Sabbath comes.

Then from the highest realms of rapt harmonic
sound
There came a voice of muted strings in one long
breath,
Full of a solemn yearning, sweet and so profound,
It seemed the expiring sigh of music in its death.

A simple melody of flute and reeds
Flowed softly out across the trembling air.
Full of a meaning delicate and rare—
Some said a dying maiden told her beads.

That sank. A single half-closed mellow horn
Drew one long note like to the knell of morn;
Then once again that rapt harmonic sound
Full of a yearning solemn and profound;
And then the muffled drums, in whispered throb,
Went out to silence with one trembling sob.

Black night, black night and sleep that are hovering
o'er us,
Shadows of death and glimmer of gloom that we
hate,
In the caverns of sound spread out in the depths be-
fore us,
Dark as the grave and deep as the portals of fate.

Full fifty bows leapt upward then
Across full fifty strings,
And smote them into life again
Like fifty living things.
Outspoke the cymbal's martial clang,
Outpealed the brazen horn;
And all the stricken silence rang
With mastering sound new born.

Pulses of love and passions of fire that are swelling
Up to the lips from out of the bursting soul,
Dreams of the Summer of youth that are too sweet
for telling,
Break in that thunder of sound beyond control.

Then downward, as some fair and unknown star
Goes reeling through the cloudless night,
That storm of joy fell quickly from afar,
And staid its mighty flight.
Once more from realms of high harmonic sound
There came a voice of muted strings,
Full of a love and yearning all profound,
And dear unspoken things.

Then far across the furthest unknown rim
Stole out the whispering of muffled drums,
Even as one slant ray of purple dim
Across the altar on a Sabbath comes.

There was a silence.

MOZART

Died, Dec. 5, 1791

A singer paused upon a mountain place,
On either side there spread a fruitful land;
In this the harvest wooed the reaper's hand,
In that the spring unveiled her virgin grace.
The ripened grain he blessed once with his face,
The spring he welcomed as it met his ken;
Then closed his eyes and sang one grave "Amen."
And far beyond the azure deeps of space
The sons of God put by their harps and bent
To lift his spirit to the holy breast;
While one great Voice spake strong across the
 skies,
And through the stars its echo came and went:
"Lo! this is he that hymned eternal rest
For all the dead of all a world that dies."

Dec. 5, 1891.

SCHUBERT

Oh, Winter snow shall whirl and drift,
And Spring shall kiss the mead and mere;
And Summer days may follow swift
Where all the lillies lean and lift,
Till Autumn shadows chill and sear.

Oh, far beyond the lambent west
The moon shall mask her shining eye;
But thou, blithe soul, forever blest,
Shalt glad the world with thy bequest,
The songs that live and shall not die.

The theatre's gilded, shallow glare,
The hum of jeweled vacancy,
The tinsel pageant's fret and blare,
The buskined stride, the tragic stare,
Are not, oh happy heart, for thee.

But thine the hearth and thine the fire,
And thine the comrade, pipe, and bowl,
The child, the wife, the heart's desire,
The strings of God's great human lyre,
Are thine, thou singer of the soul.

IN THE GALLERY

Up, up, still soaring like the eternal breath
Of the swift soul made free by might of death,
Thou comest spiritlike, sublime and strong,
Oh, godlike boon, sweet ministry of song.

Up, up, to where we dumb and moveless are,
Thou comest like a voice from some sweet star
That floats forever o'er the trembling sea
And fills the sky with silver melody.

And they that sit below in silk and lace—
Hath God loved them with any deeper grace?
What gift has He upon their cold hearts laid,
They in their purple and their gold arrayed?

Do they, Oh, Music, know thee, spirit of hope?
Dost thou for them thy secret treasures ope?
What good is theirs, if thou alone art not?
Is Death not better, and the things that rot?

They who sit in splendor and in light,
Do they know thee or dream of thee aright?
Or we that sit here in the darkness dumb—
Is it to us thy throbbing whispers come?

Oh, spirit of invisible delight,
Eternal Harmony! By God's dear sight
We know thee—we, who sit and long;
Oh, deathless boon, sweet ministry of song.

THE SEVENTH SYMPHONY

(An Experiment)

Vivace.

To the dance!
To the dance!
With the wine and lily and rose leaf spray;
Like the glance
Of a lance,
Let the light of love o'er us play.
Now palms, and pansies in purple of June,
Shall murmur and sway;
Now eyes as soft as the Orient moon
Shall conquer and pray;
And life shall tremble and sob;
And death go mad that we rob;
And the snow
From the pulses shall go,
And shall burst into burning and glow.

To the dance!
To the dance!
With the wine and lily and rose leaf spray,
Like the glance
Of a lance,
Let the light of love o'er us play.

Allegretto.

Shall death avail, love,
Death cold and pale, love?
Shall we now quail, love,
We that are one?
Here where we lave, love,
In passion's wave, love,
Is there a grave, love,
Out of the sun?

Ah, do not weep, love;
We two shall sleep, love,
Wrapped in that deep, love,
When life is run.

Scherzo

Then dance we, love, cheerily;
Life that is ours let us drown it in wine;
Life that shall flame with our passion and shine,
Strong as the burning
Sun westward turning,
Spent with yearning;
Dance, merrily,
Dance, cheerily;
Dance, love, for the life that is thine.

Allegro Con Brio

Oh, for a strong endeavor
That should destroy forever
All of the bars that sever
Graves and breath!
Then in the bright supernal,
Or in the black infernal,
Sweet love should be eternal,
Like to death.
Then with no room for sighing,
Nothing to love denying,
Shouldst thou, dear heart, be lying
On my breast,
As thou in dance art clinging.
While death in life is ringing;
Oh, that we, dead, were winging
Toward yon west!

RHINEGOLD

Beneath the mystic winding stream
The Rhinemaidens warded well the gold;
And, like dim voices in a dream,
Their song a thrilling legend told:

"He who molds a ring from this
Shall rule the earth and air above;
But first he must renounce the bliss
And wondrous joy of woman's love."

So ran the old delusive lay
That set man's heart and brain at strife;
But Love proclaimed a better way,
For he is Lord of human life.

First win the woman's priceless grace,
Then weld the ring of virgin gold;
Upon her hand the circlet place:
Then love is power; and both you hold.

PSYCHE

AMOR TRIUMPHATOR

I sometimes dream a sweet and sleepless dream
Of world forgetfulness and clearer life.
If I could set myself aside from strife,
From drum-beats and the thousand things that seem

To fill the world with struggle and with death,
Throne in man's skull the graveyard worm, old
Care,
To gnaw her sightless channels of despair
And blast young Hope with her unholy breath,—

Then would I take myself away and lie
Upon some cloud-encircled peak of snow,
Beyond the cliffs where viewless eagles go,
And sweep the embattled earth with placid eye.

Thence could I pierce the soul of empty state,
The curdled hopes, the crannied fears, the flood
Of black desires that make the recreant blood
Run darkling in the veins of jealous hate.

There would I hold my thought in silent poise
Above the roar of those who dare not think
While they are grappled on the eternal brink,
And read the riddle of a tired world's noise.

But lo! my peak stands yonder near the sun;
And I crowd on with those who make the crowd,
And loiter but a time to speak aloud
My feeble little dream; and it is done.

Yea, I am one with death and lordly love;
For here is she who keeps my silly soul
Under a sovereignty of sweet control —
Within the very finger of her glove.

Why, then let all the world go stark and mad;
I, too, will plunge me in the whirling strife;
Come, buffet me, ye billows of wild life!
For that I love her I am wholly glad.

SILENCES

The silences of night are less divine
Than are perfect silences of love,
When thou and I sit wordless in the gloom
And gaze, not at each other, but away
Into the plumbless depths between the stars.
There dwells a silence not so rich as ours,
And yet not poor. For there the waves of light
Flow tremulous across infinity,
In synchronous vibration star to star,
And make of God's unbounded universe
A finished arc of lucent harmony.
But where we sit and look into the night
There is a nobler harmony than this:
A perfect concord of two human hearts,
To which the assonance of yonder spheres
Is but the deep, primordial counterpoint,
The organ bass, perpetual, profound,
Beneath a two-voiced canticle of peace,
Which sings, as do the stars, in toneless song,
Not heard, but felt through all the heart of space.

LOVE'S HARMONY

If I shall sing to thee, wilt thou not listen?
If I let rhythmic whispers outward creep
From where rapt fancy murmurs in her sleep,
Shall they not cause thy drooping eye to glisten,
Or make thy pulses leap?

Wherefore is song, if not to make thee tremble
With knowledge, round and living as the earth,
Of that great love which gave the numbers birth?
Let passion have its way; do not dissemble;
Or what is singing worth?

Sing thou in silence, with my song agreeing;
Sing in thy heart of love, for he is lord:
Thus song shall have its infinite reward,
And find in thy pure soul the perfect being
Of absolute accord.

LOVE'S SILENCE

"Sweet, shall I ask thee why thou art so still,
Gazing afar into the deeps of space,
With shadows of the twilight on thy face,
And eyes that quick with dewy moisture fill?
Why is thy laughter's mellow rippling rill
Silent and dumb? What chrism of perfect grace
Shall fall upon those lips and find a place
To bid their accents on the dusk to thrill?
Why art thou voiceless, love? Ah, speak to me
With speech that ever into music grows."
She turns her eyes, that hold me in their thrall,
As dark and sweet as night upon the sea,
Saying, while one swift look upon me glows,
"Love is unutterable and is all."

A SONG IN OCTOBER

Oh, hear ye not a voice that comes a-singing through
the trees,
Across the mead and down the dell, along the dying
breeze?

And hear ye not the burden of its melancholy song,
Upon the lingering winds of Autumn sadly borne
along?

“Home, shepherds; home, sheep; winter cometh
near;
Wither, flowers; fall, leaves; days will soon be
drear.”

And hear ye not another voice a-sighing o’er the
main,

Across the surf, along the beach, a monody of pain?
Oh, tremble while ye listen to its melancholy song,
Upon the lingering winds of Autumn sadly borne
along:

“Part, lovers; part, maids; winter cometh near:
Sleep, kisses; die, love; life will soon be drear.”

FROM AFAR

Sweet, that I see thee when thy dimpled smile
Breaks fresh across the silver misty morn,
And when thy sunny eyes
Shame all the sunny skies,
And no rose lovely as thy lips is born—
That is enough.

Sweet, that I hear thee when thy mellow voice
Floats down the twilight in half-whispered song,
While every wren and thrush
And all the robins hush,
And listen like my silent heart, and long—
That is enough.

Sweet, that I dream of thee in holy night,
When the tired world hath rocked itself to sleep,
And when my yearning heart
Lets day and care depart,
And findeth rest on Love's unbroken deep—
That is enough.

SLEEPING

Sleep, little eyes; slip down dark fringes,
Over the depths so wistful wise;
And cover those changeful soft gray tinges
Full of the sweetness of Autumn skies.

Sleep, little mouth, and smile in sleeping
Soft as the wind that floats from the South
Who knows what trembling sighs are leaping
Behind thy barriers closed, sweet mouth?

But oh, little heart, sleep never, wake ever,
And wait for the love that shall not die,
That not even Death from thee shall sever:
For whom will it bloom, little heart? 'Tis not I.

BY THE SEA SHORE.

Oh fall upon the yellow beach
With kisses swift, with kisses strong;
And to the sands that southward reach
Give all the music of thy song,
Oh sea, with lips that taste of brine.

But not again from yonder shore
Shall I look out upon thy deep;
The gloom is growing evermore,
The light of life has sunk to sleep—
Her life, oh sea, that fled from mine.

LOVE THAT LIVETH

I

Roses are ever fair,
So is love sweet;
Love and roses are rare,
And life is like wind fleet;
Life and roses are at love's feet

II

Love's feet are on the hearts of Kings;
Love's kisses are on the lips of death;
Love's songs are mute for him who sings
Songs made alone of life and breath.

III

Love's song is strong
Where death and life meet;
Love and death are long, :
And life is like wind fleet:
Death and life are at love's feet.

ULTIMA THULE

Oh, for a far and solitary isle,
Wrapped round with muffled beat of shoreless
seas!
Oh, for a spring-time with undying smile,
And spring songs among the budding trees!
A cloudless twilight that shall never wane
Behind the pulsing ocean's broad fair breast,
And thoughts that silence shall the best explain,
And love insatiable and a sleepless rest.

OLD LOVE

What is young love worth,
That burns and trembles
With the pangs of birth?

How is young love dear,
When it dissembles
In its new-born fear?

How is young love rare,
If only blushes
Make its brow more fair?

How is young love strong,
If doubting hushes
Oft its burst of song?

Is not old love better,
Girt with years
As with an iron fetter?

Is not old love stronger,
Wet with tears
As all the days grew longer?

Love and I have grown
With days and sorrow;
Have we not, my own?

Love and I shall live
So each to-morrow
Has the more to give.

Young love grown old
Still richer waxes;
Old love is not cold:

Nay, it is so great
That life it taxes
To bear the gifts of fate.

A BALLAD OF CONSTANCY

A mermaid sat in a pearly shell
Far, far away on the misty deep;
And she sang: "Ah, me! but I loved him well—
Better than wave or wind can tell;
And why does he lie so low asleep,
Far and away
From night and day?
Sorrow, weep for sorrow."

"I smiled on him once with a wistful smile,
And he sprang far over the ship's dark side,
And clove the crested seas awhile;
But now he lies in yon rocky aisle,
And never he moveth, save with the tide.
Far and away
From night and day;
Sorrow, weep for sorrow."

A maiden sat by a barren shore
Where broke the waves of a bitter sea,
And she sang: "Ah! me! but I loved him more
Than ever a man was loved before;
And why does he not come back to me,
Far and away
From night and day?
Sorrow, weep for sorrow."

Then spake her mother in accents bold:
"Now shame upon you that thus you weep
He's false to his vows, his heart is cold,
He's plighted himself to another's gold,
Across and beyond the shining deep,
Far and away
From night and day."
(Sorrow, weep for sorrow.)

"Now, mother," she said, "you speak not well;
Some day these words you'll sadly rue.
He loved me more than heart can tell;
Somewhere hath rung his final knell:
He must be dead—but never untrue—
Far and away
From night and day;
Sorrow, weep for sorrow."

But forty fathoms beneath the tide,
His fair hair tangled around his head,
While the mermaid in her shallop cried,
And the maiden wept by the bare seaside,
He lay and smiled, both false and dead,
Far and away
From night and day;
Sorrow, weep for sorrow.

TO HER IN THE COUNTRY

Round me the rumble and the thund'rous beat
Of all a city swells and dies;
Round thee the holy, silent incense sweet
Of perfect flowers and perfect skies.
Round me the agony of daily strife
Is waged for honor, gold and fame;
Round thee the halo of a country life,
That fits thee like the music of thy name.

Are we apart? Nay, love, I think not so;
Our hearts beat strong across the space.
No lands divide us long, my love, I know;
My soul will find its resting place.
And yet the city's thund'rous, throbbing maze,
And all the country's perfect skies
Were one to me, could I a moment gaze
Into the Summer of thy eyes.

A SPRING SONG

The Naiads wake in brook and billow.
In mellow mere, in shallow sea;
The Dryads slip from oak and willow,
Wooing the leaves from every tree.
The seven-toned pipe of Pan is playing
Music that a god should sing;
The thrill of every bird is saying,
"This is Spring."

If I come and kneel before thee,
Though I speak no faltered word,
Shall the time be helpless o'er thee,
And great Nature's song unheard?
Wilt thou not, sweet, comprehending
What my silent hope would bring,
Keep the glad refrain unending:
"This is Spring?"

So shall come the Summer blooming
Of a life begun in snow;
So shall end the Winter glooming
So the perfect roses blow.
And two hearts that shall not sever,
E'en when Time's last flight shall wing,
Still shall voice that song forever:
"This is Spring!"

CARPE DIEM

These days are ours, O Love, these days that shine
With glitter of tear-tipped lashes, with glimmer of
eyes,
That murmur with lutes, and with bubble of blood-
red wine,
And music of lips that part for sighs.

Mourn not for days that are gone beyond forgetting,
Nor tremble for hours that may come with clouds
and fears;
Turn not thine eyes on the sun that hasteth setting;
Love for to-day; think not of years.

What is to-day that shall not be again on the mor-
row?
What is the grief that outlives our crowns of flow-
ers?
Into mine eyes look deep; there dwells no sorrow;
O Love, these happy days are ours.

A BALLAD OF NIGHT

The sea shudders and the stars grow faint,
Because mine eyes are dim with unshed tears;
My lips are tortured with a voiceless plaint,
That throbs with all the pain of vanished years.
Ah God, how sweet is love!

How shall I tell thee what my heart conceives?
No name is known for this to human brain;
The wind may peal it through yon shaken leaves,
Or lightning hurl it through the stricken rain.
Ah God, how sweet is love!

Across my lips the perfume of thy hair
Is floating slowly like some old-time song.
Dreams are dear, and all the world is fair;
Night is swift and ah! the day is long.
Ah God, how sweet is love!

But lo! I kiss thee ere the lip is cold,
And wrap thee close while yet the heart is warm:
Can life dwindle or the earth grow old,
Or souls tremble with the last alarm!
Ah God, how sweet is love!

The moon sinketh and the day is red
Along the hollow of the eastern skies;
And now for me the honey time is sped:
The sunlight robs me of thy starry eyes.
Ah God, how sweet is love!

ROSES

Oh, rose asleep upon her breast,
How happy dost thou lie;
Yet, e'en in that celestial rest,
Ah, must thou die.

Nay, if she bend her lips to thee
A single kiss to give,
Oh, there undying roses be;
Their touch is immortality,
And thou shalt live.

DIVINATION

If Chloe laughs and carols catches
Of a merry roundelay,
If she trips across the patches
Where the sunbeams flash and play,
If her face is flushed and hot,
And she stops my lips with flowers,
While she dances through the hours;
If her eyes are clear and bright,
Like white stars upon the night,
Then I know she loves me not.

But if Chloe starts not singing,
If her voice she may not find,
If her words will not be winging
Cruel dartlets for her mind,
If her cheeks in paleness dwell,
While she tears in bits her roses,
Breathing short in starts and closes;
If her eyes are moist and clouded,
Like blue seas in rain enshrouded,
Then I know she loves me well.

DREAMS AND FANCIES

IN CHAINS

Oh, for a clear and perfect use of pen!
Not for the trade of words in measured ink,
Nor on the lip of pale starvation's brink
To write: "Give us our daily bread, Amen;"
But to fling wide the doors of hope again,
And write as when youth's star dreamed not to
sink
Beyond the sweet horizon's verge; to think
Without the count of cost, as I thought then!
I'd take this English tongue I love so well,
And mining out its gold in reverent fear,
Round well the treasure in a rhythmic sum,
And mold from it a mighty Saxon bell
To toll one peal into the great world's ear,
And then be silent and forever dumb.

ASPIRATION

A fiery soul set forth across the day,
From out the west beyond the blood-red sun,
And winged in arcs of light its eager way
Beyond the silence where was night begun.

And lo! upon the summit of a star,
That marked the gateway of the universe,
The word of God set up an iron bar,
And said: "No further, or abide the curse."

The pinioned soul lay prone upon the west
And moaned, "'Twere heaven to break yon azure
spell;
But here to stay with question-tortured breast
Thro' all eternity—ah, this is hell!"

THE GATE OF SLEEP

Lying between the dusk and dawn of night,
Upon the borders of the sea of sleep,
Lo, oft there cometh in the fading light
The break of surges in the eternal deep.

The soul of me swims out across the space
That yawns between the pulse of life and death;
The senses fail; the spirit seeks its place
With those that dwell beyond the gates of breath.

A touch, a start; the passing power is broken;
The soul is moveless midway in its flight;
The body claims it, and there is no token
Brought from out that haven of the night.

If I could hold the light that on me grows
When o'er the brink of sleep my spirit speeds,
Then could I voice the mystery that flows
'Twixt life and death, 'tween truth and human
creeds.

But lo! upon the sacred door of sleep
There is a graven law of import high:
"He who would sound the secrets of this deep
Must lay him down in solitude to die."

BEFORE DAWN

The round lustre of the white-faced moon
Makes wan the filaments of scattered cloud;
The stars tremble; Venus, no more proud,
Pales westward, for the dawn comes soon.

The heavens are peopled with inchoate forms,
Mystic, fancy-clad, uncertain, swift,
Flying silent o'er each star-sown rift,
And vanishing as fast as Summer storms.

The lissome branches flaunt against the sky
As if some wood-witch orgy were in course;
Aye, Pan is singing, ribald-voiced and hoarse,
Beneath the gloom away from human eye.

Oh, could I see the horn'd and curly god,
Then I should see the wood nymphs slim and fair,
Who dance upon the finger-tips of air,
And flash their beauty at his cynic nod.

Perchance some dryad, deep-eyed, round, and sweet,
Would deem a mortal worthy of her wiles;
Ah me, she would not bare herself of smiles
Before I laid my heart beneath her feet.

But no; the east is silvered low and high;
There is no dance, there is no god nor maid;
The boughs are prim, the wood is cold and staid;
There are no shapes against the morning sky.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Without his permission.

Oh Robert Louis, will you ever know
What debt to you some weary mortals owe?
Tired of the flippant style that sneers and mocks,
Disgusted with the prurient page that shocks,
Awearry of a hollow, sensuous age,
One turns with rapture to your spotless page.
Here is a pure, inspiring atmosphere,
That healthy souls can enter without fear.
You make the world more fair, the sky more blue;
Drop down enchanted vales in your canoe;
Or in delightful speculation lost,
Ascend the mountains glittering with frost,
With pipe and pack and philosophic mien,
And that dear gem of beasts, your Modestine.
For you alike the athlete and the priest
Throw wide their doors and on good nature feast.
No wonder, for your word to them is new;
You teach them how the common earth to view;
You find philosophy in tree and flower;
In every limpid stream and lucent shower
Some simple homily on Nature's rules:
God knows it's better than the dust of schools.
Upon your page no shop-worn English stands,
Soiled with the touch of sordid hucksters' hands;
Your words are clean, your prose as sweet and
strong,
As Chaucer's honest verse or Spenser's song,
So in these days when readers are beguiled
With English prose and thought alike defiled,
With taste impure, philosophy untrue,
Oh Robert Louis, thank the Lord for you!

Nov. 26, 1887.

TO A CLOVER BLOSSOM

Here 'mid an infinitude of things

I cannot turn my face away from thee;

Else are mine eyes sore smitten by the sea
Beating the cold, hard sand with tireless wings.

Thou hidest here, thou fairest of the Spring's

Descendants, perfect in thy symmetry,

Wooded in the Summer by the yellow bee,

Who all the day his love lorn ditty sings.

Ah, heed him not, dear blossom; he is not

An honest hearted swain: he'll sip thy sweets

Then fillip thee a kiss upon thy face,

And parting, come no more to share thy lot.

• But sweet blush, I would lie here at thy feet,

And feed my soul forever on thy grace.

MORNING

Oh fair, sweet mother of the southern breeze,

Celestial Morning, lo, thou dost awake!

And garments of eternal light dost take,

And swift thy scented breath comes o'er the trees.

The pink rose garlands fall down to thy knees,

And there, all glittering with dew, they shake

Like wavelets on some shining silver lake,

'Neath thy blue eye that smiles across the seas.

And from thy purple chalice pouring flowers

Upon the level streams and rolling lands,

Across the rich horizon thou dost fly,

Arousing all the laughing little Hours,

That softly slip away in broken bands

Beneath the moonless and the starless sky.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

These are thine altars, Lord, these hills of thine,
Whereon the sun lights sacrificial blaze
When night is done, and on the rocky ways
Dawn comes to make the earth a place divine.
Here is thy vast, inviolable shrine,
Thy temple of innumerable days
Fashioned and filled with glory's wide displays,
And girt about with majesty divine.
The peaks reach up toward heaven; all else recedes.
The woods bow down their heads in silent awe;
And in this mighty tablet's sculptured grace,
The heart of man thy primal mandate reads:
For here thou did'st proclaim thy graven law,
And here did Moses meet thee face to face.

SICK IN THE SPRING

Sick in the body and sore at heart,
I lie where I see the fields of green,
The swaying boughs that meet and part,
The waves that ruffle the lake's wide sheen.
And the breath of Spring on meadow blows,
On mossy glen and dancing mere:
For Spring beyond my window grows,
But ah for me! It comes not here.

When Winter's silent robe of white
Is spread once more across the earth,
And through the spaces of the night
The bells shall peal the new year's birth,
Perchance afar from wood and wold.
Somewhere beyond the starlight clear,
Spring will at last for me unfold;
But ah for me! It comes not here.

GRANT

Though Sleep hold thee, yet art thou, sleeping,
Greater than life;
Though there be sorrow, yet is the weeping
Better than strife.

Strife was all thine in days that are hidden,
Slayer of strife;
Now Death conquers thee, yet is he bidden
To yield to thy life.

We that are left shall have naught but the sorrow,
The pain, and the tears;
Thou that art gone hast left for to-morrow
The fruit of thy years.

Sleep well! Sleep, for the world will not grudge to
thee
What thou hast won;
Time, that is just, will justly adjudge to thee
All thou hast done.

Sleep well! Sleep, for while thou art sleeping,
Hands on thy breast,
God and His armies thy name will be keeping
Sacred in rest.

A POET'S LAST BOOK

The garnered words are sweet upon the page;
The ripened thought is bound in sheaf of song;
Of springtide sowing this the golden gage,
A harvest where each gathered blade is strong.

O husbandman of dear and happy dreams,
Thy summer ends beneath the reaper's knife;
But every grain in all these yellow gleams
Enshrines a germ of beauty and of life.

TENNYSON

Oh, soul that grew too great for mortal chains,
And lived beyond the usage of your day,
New-winged with perfect light, you fled away
Beyond the verge of all the starry plains,
Beyond the dome of dreams, beyond the pains
And all the fetters of unquiet clay,
To where the lyres of hope immortal play.
Tears—they are ours, and hollow grief remains.
Oh, you who sang alone, who were the last
Of all the gods of song; who voiced the heart
Of credent promise, not of skeptic fears;
You sleep not in the cradle of the past,
Nor from the choir with silent lips depart,
But wake the harp eternal with your peers.

ON SOME FORGOTTEN POEMS

Dead rhymes are here that no man comes to read ;
Dead as the flowers that robbed the maiden spring
To wed with summer, when the streams were freed,
And all the birds began to nest and sing.

If some one plucked the flowers and laid them by
Between the prim white pages that I hold,
The crushed and faded leaves would dim the eye,
And leave the yearning heart uncheered and cold.

But sweeter flowers of rhyme, amid the gloom
And silent dust of all the silent shelves,
You keep your glory and your primal bloom,
And live, if not for others, for yourselves.

And when I chance to open wide the page,
Behold, your beauty breaks upon the earth ;
And all the splendor of a buried age
Is born again with glad immortal birth.

And, happy, I may hear the master-hand
Sweep down the lyre and wake each vibrant chord,
That swells with glory of a sweeter land,
Where life was hope, and love alone was lord.

So let the cover close, the page grow gray
Amid the dust where no eye comes to see ;
My heart alone the song shall hold and sway—
The poet's dream shall wake a world for me.

A WISH

For a Little Boy.

Touched with the mystic chrism of unseen hands,
Girt round with hope as with the light of day,
May he go forth to walk his future way
Across the ripening gold of fruitful lands,
Unto the shore of perfect silver sands,
Where Time shall falter, crumble and decay;
And all the air shall tremble with the spray
Of waves eternal breaking on the strands.

There may he lay his burden down and rest;
There may his Winter dawn again to Spring;
And while the sun goes down the crimson west,
And day shall glide away on wistful wing,
Eternal love float o'er the purple breast
Of that eternal sea, and crown him king.

FOR A CLASS REUNION

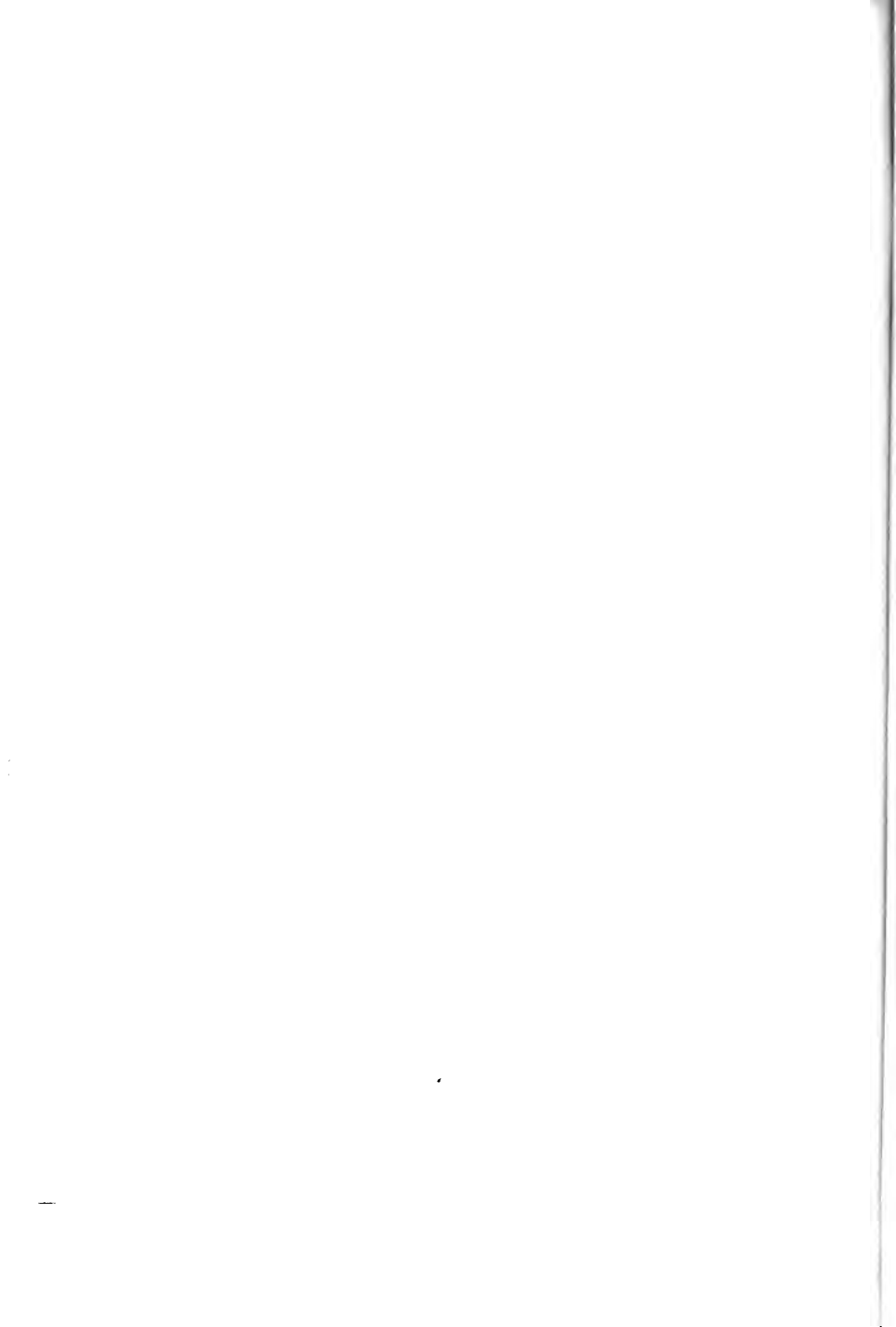
Princeton, 1876—1891.

We are as figures on a monster dial,
The hands of Time go slowly round and round;
At each circle, without let or trial,
Some figures always vanish, and the ground
Whereon they stood is pallid, empty white,
Void as the space upon the Summer night
Whence fled a star into the deeps profound.

So one by one shall go, and old Time's hand
Shall sweep the circle till not one shall stand;
But yet there is a triumph of the right:
We leave behind the dial—spotless white.

THE SEA

101506A



A SONG OF THE SEA

O sing of the sea! O sing of the sea!
The world and the sun of it all for me:
Where the salt spray strikes the smile of my lips,
And down from the hair to the feet of me drips;
While the east wind smites me across the face,
And the waves flash past in a thundering race.
Sing of the sea! O sing of the sea!
The wealth and the health of it all for me.

If ever the Summer comes back again,
And I stand new-crowned 'mid the sons of men,
I'll hurl to the dogs all books and plays,
All poets and poems of dream-spawned days,
To lie in the sun on the sloping deck,
Wrapped close by the spray from heels to neck,
Made strong with the blood of the mad, wide sea:
The wealth and the health of it all for me.

Throw wide thine arms, O mother of mine;
Throw wide wet arms for this child of thine:
He grows too faint on the pale, dull shore
With hunger and thirst for thee evermore.
Save kisses for me, and a great white sail,
To wrap me in love that shall never fail:
O well-loved sea! O faithful sea!
The soul and the body of thee for me,

SEA MELODIES

Aloft and alow in the glimmer and glow of stars,
Across and along the path of the new moon creeping,
The dawn of the crescent sails on the dusk of spars
Leans over to kiss the lips of the ocean sleeping.

The wind that touches the secret pulsing places
Aloft and alow on those perfect breasts of snow,
Is crooning across the midnight's peaceful spaces
A song that came out of chaos through time to grow.

And under the bow the lucent ripples break
In shapes that are fair, in rhythm that is sweet beyond measure;
Till the heart is full and no more its thirst can slake
In the fathomless fountains of joy where the sea makes pleasure.

Afar where the waves and the sky together are growing,
Out of the jaws of night with muttering roar,
Comes a tremulous thunder, a sound as of sea kine lowing:
The voice of the deep that is sullenly smiting the shore.

Adown from the measureless mountain of sails above,
Where the starlight falters and melts and is too faint to glisten,
A sailor lad murmurs an old-world ballad of love;
And the sea and my heart are silent and tremble and listen.

THALASSA

O best beloved, give me of thy rest!
If I might lay my worn and aching frame
Along the hollow of thy mighty hand,
Where now thy pliant fingers grip the land,
Or feel the snow-white summits of thy breast—
Fair as the three-formed huntress maiden's fame—
Rock slow beneath me, slow and deep and strong,
Keeping the rythm of that old cradle-song
The morning stars sang to the infant world,
Then would the lids of sleep drop down unfurled,
And I should slumber in enchanted ease
Between thy billowy infinities,
As on the airy bosom of the west
Sleeps yonder star, a nursling of the skies.
Thalassa! thou art the incarnate rest;
In thy great heart immortal stillness lies.

A SEA SONG OF OLD TIME

We ride head to wind and the breeze whistles free,
The land is to windward, the sea's on our lee.
Man the bars and heave taut, off stoppers, heave
round!
Clear the jib, port your helm; now the anchor breaks
ground.

Lay aloft, you sail losers! Man halliard and sheet!
There's nothing can catch our fair lady so fleet.
We're bound for the uttermost rim of the day;
Lay down from aloft! Now sheet home, hoist away!

We are running off soundings, the wind hauls abeam;
Along the horizon there comes a white gleam.
We'll take off the stu'nails and still onward spin:
So lower away, lads! Haul down and rig in!

The wind comes ahead and the jib falls aback;
Now ready about! 'Tis the order to tack.
Hard-a-lee! From the quarter-deck echoes the call:
It's raise tacks and sheets! Haul taut! Mainsail
haul!

Up yonder to windward the clouds darkly frown;
Man clewlines and buntlines! Look lively! Clew
down!
The gale is upon us with riot and rout;
'Loft topmen! Come, cheer'ly! Trice up and lay out!

At last to the southward the swift gale has whirled,
Once more to fair freezes our sails are unfurled;
At the masthead the lookout swings wide to and fro,
Till the silence is rent with the warning, "Sail ho!"

Then hark! the sharp beat of the hollow-voiced
drum;

To quarters! See yonder, the enemy's come.

Our colors break out. Oh, the foe woe betide!

To quarters! Now silence! Cast loose and provide!

Run in, serve and sponge! Load, run out, and prime!

Now point, ready, fire! There are smoke, blood, and
grime.

But down come her colors; she yields to our pluck;

Raise cheer upon cheer! She is ours! She has struck!

IN LIGHTER MOOD

TO PYRRHA

Horace, Ode V, Book I.

What slender youth with flaxen hair
Is he that now thou smilest on,
O Pyrrha? Are his senses gone,
To hope thy mood is always fair?

My faith! When o'er thy lips and eyes
The lightning smile of mirthful scorn,
That comes so soon, is swiftly born,
He'll think the sun has left the skies.

He has my pity, hapless youth,
Who knows thee not as other men;
Alas, poor lad! He'll learn and then
He'll see the gulf 'twixt thee and truth.

I know thee! I have saved my neck
From death by drowning in love's deep,
And smiling Neptune long will keep
His memory of my stranded wreck.

CENTRAL PARK IN SUMMER

Sequestered in a rocky nave,
I watch the sunlight slowly creeping
Along the gray and mottled pave,
Where summer shadows lie a-sleeping.

Across a dark and mossy rock
A shallow streamlet spray is casting;
But from the west there comes the shock
Of dull, prosaic, dusty blasting.

Anon I hear the rumbling tire
Of some bedecked and festal carriage;
My fancy hears the droning choir
And hopes it was a pretty marriage.

But all in vain I try to think
That I am in some forest heaven,
Upon a mountain's misty brink.
Ah! dreams will lag at thirty-seven.

Imagination, swift and vain,
Like yonder bee flits idly by me;
I watch the shadows wax and wane,
And wish that she would stop to try me.

Despite your artful dells and bowers,
Dear Central Park, ah! more's the pity,
Still undeceived I count the hours,
And know that I am in the city.

ON A HYMN BOOK

Old hymn book, sure I thought I'd lost you
In the days now long gone by;
I'd forgotten where I tossed you—
Gracious! how I sigh.

In the church a thin partition
Stood between her pew and mine;
And her pious, sweet contrition
Struck me as divine.

Yes, remarkably entrancing
Was she in her sable furs;
And my eyes were always glancing
Up, old book, to hers.

Bless you, very well she knew it,
And I'm sure she liked it, too;
And she whispered, "Please don't do it,"
But her eyes said, "Do."

How to speak, to tell my passion?
How to make her think me true?
Love soon found a curious fashion,
For he spoke through you.

How I used to search your pages
For the words I wished to say;
And received my labor's wages
Every Sabbath day.

Ah, how sweet it was to hand her
You with lines I'd marked when found!
And how well I'd understand her
When she blushed and frowned.

And one day, old book, you wriggled
From my hand and rattling fell
Upon the floor; and she—she giggled,
Did Miss Isabel.

Then when next we met out walking,
I was told in tearful tones
How she'd got a dreadful talking
From the Reverend Jones.

Ah me, no man could resist her
In those sweet and buried years;
Yes, I think—I think I kissed her,
Just to dry her tears.

Jones I gave a good round chaffing,
Called his sermons dry as bones;
Soon fair Isabel was laughing—
Said she hated Jones.

It was after that I lost you,
For I needed you no more;
Somewhere, anywhere I tossed you
On a closet floor.

Reverend Samuel still preaches;
Isabel her past atones;
In his Sunday school she teaches—
Mrs. Samuel Jones.

PALMISTRY

Oh, give me, Eve, that lily hand—
Nay, start not with that sudden glow—
See, palmistry I understand;
I'll read these lines before I go.

This head line's full and broad and long;
I know by that to thought you're wed,
And carry culture rich and strong
Within that graceful, gold-crown'd head.

This line of life is straight and deep:
By that I know your future's fair;
Some happiness shall wake from sleep
To light your life with blessings rare.

This heart line is so true—ah, well,
One knows that, looking in your face;
And in your eyes that truly tell
How rich the heart must be in grace.

Nay, more I dare not tell, I vow;
I can't—perhaps you may divine—
But don't you think, pray tell me now,
Your hand fits very well in mine?

TO A BOOK AND A MAID

Since now thy binding is so fair,
I know not if 'twould be a gain
To search thy page for fancies rare,
And mayhap find my labor vain;
For Lortic bound thee in his prime:
God knows what poet writ the rhyme.

So maiden with the classic face,
And Gallic costume deftly wrought,
I'll gaze upon thy outward grace,
Nor seek to read thy inner thought;
For Felix robed thee: praise his art!
Lord knows what craftsman made thy heart.

GOOD ROBIN SPRING

A robin sat upon a limb
And piped a merry roundelay,
Across the frozen lakelet's rim,
Beyond the shadows of the day.

A blue bird shivered in the cold,
And cried, "Now wherefore came we here?
The winter hath not yet grown old;
It is not yet the spring of year."

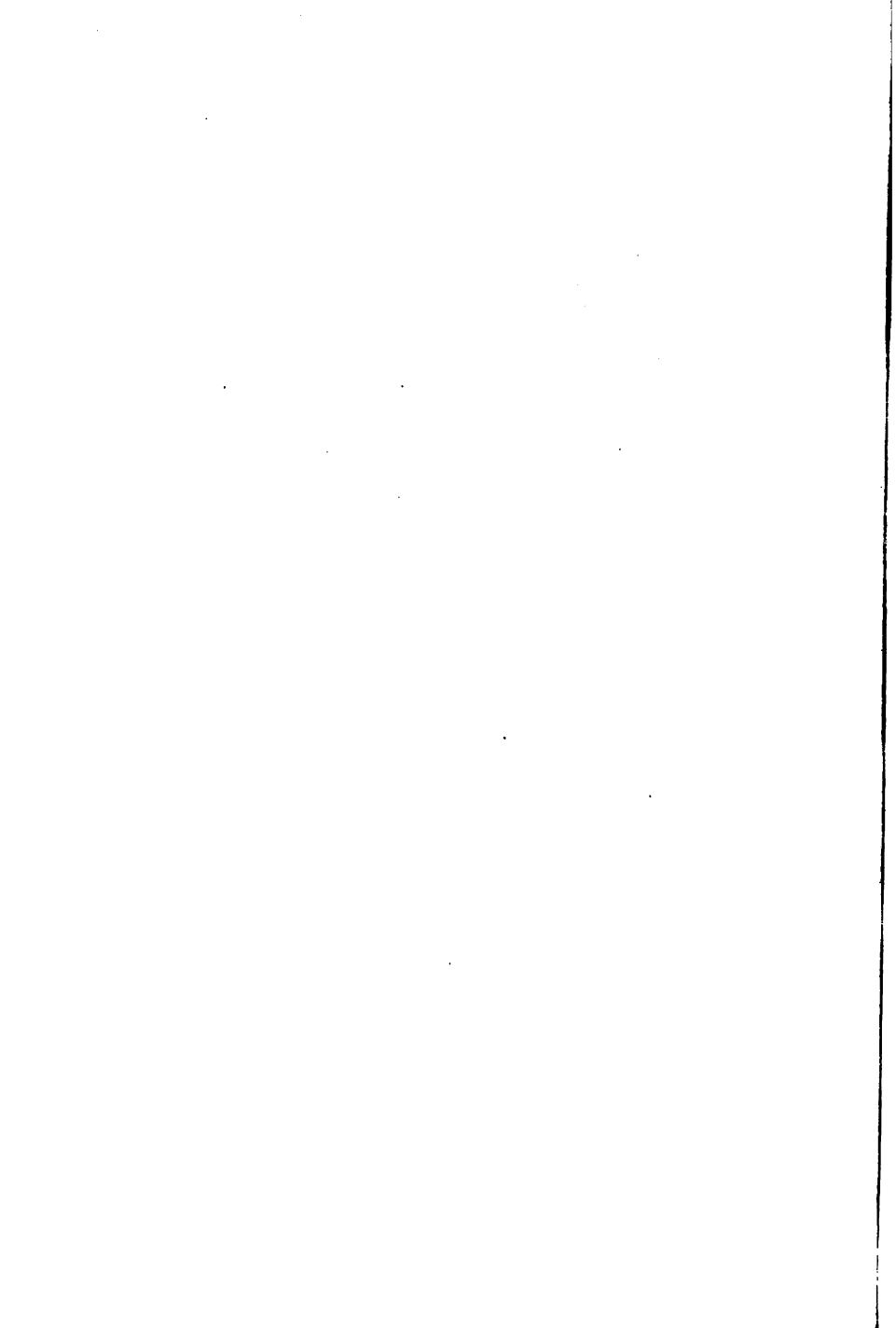
The robin laughed with might and main,
And sang anew with clarion voice:
"Who cares for snow? Who cares for rain?
All hail the spring! Come, friend, rejoice."

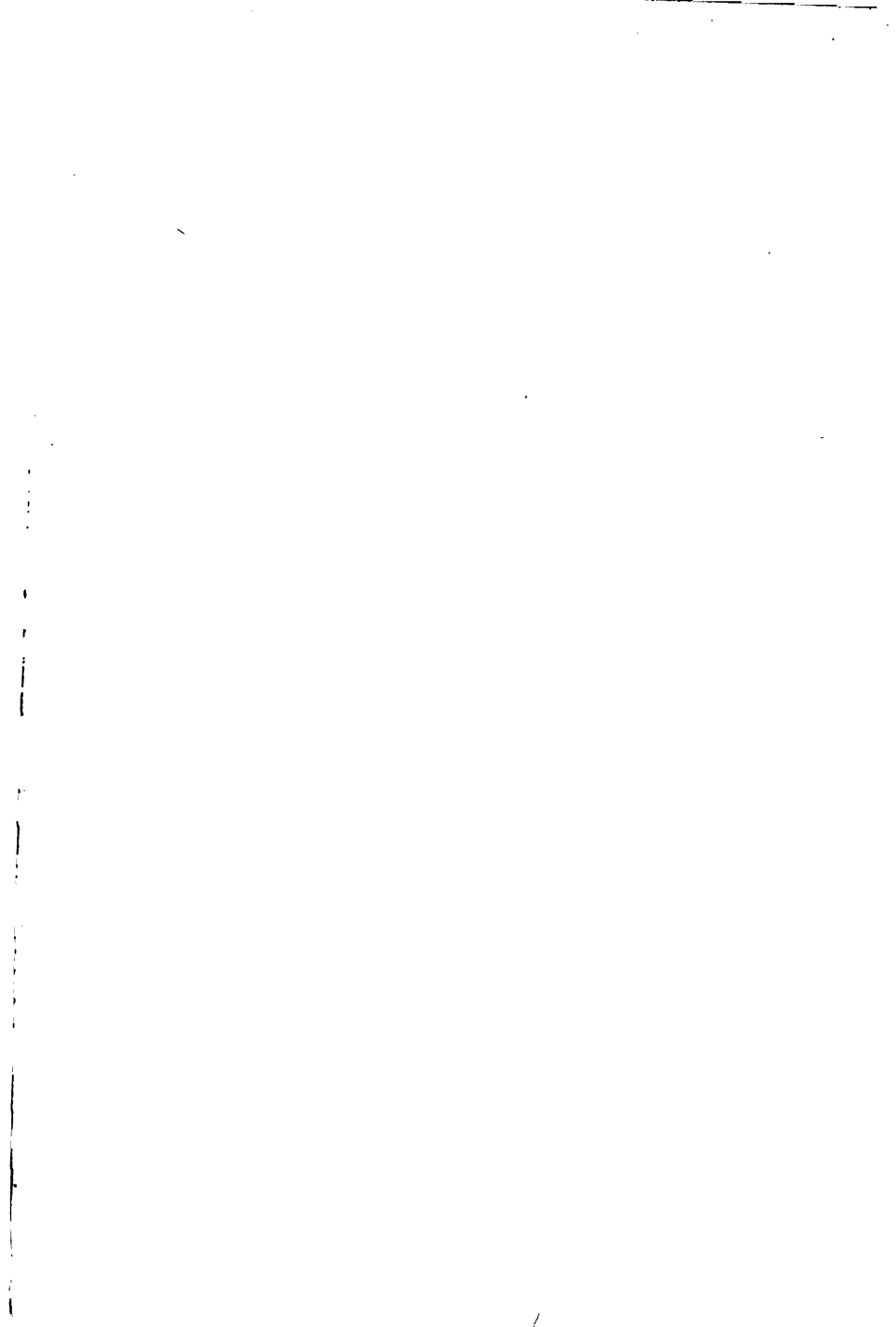
"The winter blast is rude and chill,"
The bluebird said; "it chains my wing;
The ice is on the willowed rill,
The earth is bare; it is not spring."

The robin laughed, began to dance,
And louder still he strove to sing;
The bluebird looked at him askance
As forth he carolled: "I am Spring."

"Beshrew thee for an arrant fool,"
The bluebird said; "I tell thee nay!
But since thou speakest without rule,
Stay here and freeze. I'll go and pray."

The robin laughed: "Thy tongue is tart;
But now thou shalt this true thing hear:
Who hath a springtime in his heart
Shall find no winter all the year."





**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

